

"Mom, my throat hurts," said Sara. "Oh, no," said Mom. "Not again!" Sara frowned. She had been sick a lot. Her throat got red. It swelled up. Mom took Sara to the doctor. He gave Sara medicine. It worked for awhile.

The next day Mom took Sara again. The doctor looked at Sara's throat. He used a light. He did not like what he saw. "Your throat is very red," he said. "Go pick a sucker. I need to talk to your mom."

Then Mom took Sara home. She told her what the doctor said. "You will go into the hospital. Do not worry. You will only be there for two days. I will be with you. It will only hurt a little bit. I promise."

Sara was less than happy. She did not want it to hurt at all. On Monday, Mom helped Sara pack a suitcase. Then they went to the hospital.

The nurse took them to a room. The room was blue with a big white bed. There were drawings on the wall. It was a pretty room. Sara liked it.

Then the doctor came in. He told Sara what would happen. He said he would give Sara medicine. Then she would sleep. He would take out her tonsils then. Soon he put her to sleep. Sara was not scared.

Then Sara woke up. She was not in her room. She was in a big room. It was very bright. Soon a nurse came over. She patted Sara on the head. Then she wheeled Sara to her room.

Mom was there. Sara started to cry. She could not say anything. Her throat hurt so bad! Soon she fell asleep again. When she woke, Mom had some ginger ale. It was cool. It tasted good. Sara drank the whole glass. Still she could not talk.

The next day she ate ice cream for breakfast! It was a great treat. Sara ate two helpings. Then she tried to whisper. "Hi, Mom," she said. Her voice was very low and quiet. Mom smiled at Sara. "Hi, Sara. How are you feeling?" she asked. "OK," said Sara. Mom held her hand.

By the next day, Sara was feeling much better. She ate two eggs. Then she ate ice cream again. Soon they would go home.

Sara's friends were waiting for her. They had presents for Sara. Sara was happy to be home!

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